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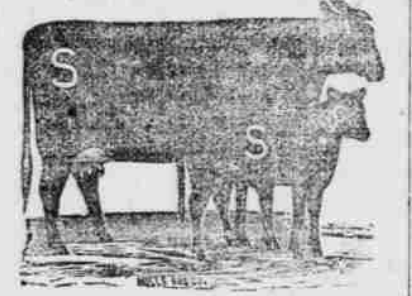
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All brothers in good standing are cordially invited.
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OLD GERONIMO

Interesting Facts Concerning His Treachery Related by John P. Clum.

Appropos to the effort now being made to move Geronimo and his band of cut-throat Apaches, now in Florida, to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, the New York Herald publishes a long interview with John P. Clum, who was Indian agent in this Territory. Mr. Clum is now in New York on business, and to the Herald reporter said: "A worse Indian never lived, than this self-same Geronimo. I cannot understand why General Crook should say otherwise. He was tricky, treacherous, deceitful, dishonest, murderous, and in every way lawless. Words cannot picture the infamy of his life during the years that he was a terror on the Arizona borders. The only time that he is a good Indian is when he is in chains, and Crook knows it as well as any one."

"Geronimo was not known until 1876. He was one of the famous chiefs belonging to the Chiricahua branch of the Southern Apaches, which for many years had made their homes in the Dragon and Chiricahua mountains. Old Cochise was their chief. He was a great warrior, old Cochise, and did much to populate the earth of Southeastern Arizona with the clay of white men. In 1872 General Howard and a single aid went into the very den of Cochise and succeeded in making a treaty of peace, which the venerable Indian faithfully kept till his death. At the same time a tribe farther south, whose chiefs were Geronimo, Ju and Nolgeo, expressed a desire to be included in the treaty, as they had an itching to share in the rations connected therewith. Cochise left two sons, Tahsay and Nachee, the former of whom had to kill old Skin-yea, the head warrior of his father's cohorts, before he held undisputed possession of the chieftainship. It was to keep faith with the white man that he did this deed, and the young warrior afterward became one of the most trusted lieutenants. He died of pneumonia in Washington and his faithful body was buried in the Congressional cemetery."

"It was at this time that Geronimo, the serpent, appeared on the scene. Accompanied by Ju and Nolgeo he sought me out, and told me how he and his people had joined with Cochise in the Howard treaty. They were terribly anxious to go to San Carlos with the sons of Cochise and their people. They knew nothing at all, of course, about the outbreak which had been started by the wicked Skin-yea. They were the very nicest, tamest savages in all the world. Would I please give them a pass so that they could go and get their families, who were about thirty miles away? I said yes; but I could not help suspecting the Indian, and I had him shadowed by my Indian scouts."

"It turned out that his camp was only ten miles away, instead of thirty. As soon as he got there he gave orders to march. The band was got into light marching order. The dogs were killed, as their barking might lead to detection; the old and disabled animals were taken to a lonely canyon where they would not be likely to be discovered, and then away they went at a rapid pace toward the Mexican line and the Sierra Madre mountains, which for so many years afterward furnished a hiding place and fortress for the renegades."

"In March, 1877, a young officer, Lieut. Henley by name, was passing up the Rio Grande, when he saw and recognized Geronimo at Los Palomas, whither the latter had come to trade off some of the stolen stock, as was his custom. Henley shrewdly surmised that the chief was making his headquarters at the Southern Apache Agency, at Ojo Caliente or Hot Springs, and telegraphed General Kautz to that effect. The latter telegraphed to the War Department, which turned the case over to the Department of the Interior, and I got the following order by telegraph: WASHINGTON, D. C., March 20, 1877."

AGENT CLUM, San Carlos:—If practical take Indian police [something of my own invention, by the way] and arrest renegade Indians at Southern Apache Agency, seize stolen stock in their possession, restore the property to rightful owners, remove renegades to San Carlos and hold them in confinement for murder and robbery. Call on military for aid if needed."

Sagin, Commissioner.
"This meant business for me, I tell you. If I take a little pride in the way I carried out those orders I do not think it is without reason. I left San Carlos on March 28th, with 120 of my trusty Indian Police, armed with improved needle guns and a good supply of fixed ammunition. The dis-

tance as we went was about three hundred and fifty miles, and it had to be made by my little army on foot. In New Mexico General Hatch had ordered companies to render me all the assistance in their power in case I should meet with serious trouble. Our way was enlivened by the reports that from two hundred and fifty to four hundred renegades were in the mountains in the vicinity of Ojo Caliente waiting to give us a warm reception, but we kept straight on as swiftly and silently as we were able to go. With my police I marched cautiously to within ten miles of the agency, then I left all but 25 in hiding, and rode boldly in. Major Wade was to meet us there, but was delayed, perhaps by accident, perhaps by design, for the military were very jealous of the civil authorities."

"At the agency I learned that Geronimo, with about seventy men and a number of squaws and boys, were camped about three miles away. I thought I would fool him, so after dark I got the remainder of my police to sneak up and hide themselves in the commissary building, which was fortunately empty. They were under command of Captain Buford, a brave and faithful fellow. Soon after daylight I sent word to Geronimo to come up as I wanted to have a talk with him. He came, with all his beautiful following, warriors, squaws and all, the former in their war paint and armed to the teeth. They had shot-guns, butcher knives, spears, bow and arrows, and everything in the shape of weapons that the larder afforded."

"Geronimo and his followers came up as close as they could to me, for it is an unwritten law with the Indians that if they can only get close enough to a white man they can frighten him by sheer ugliness, and I don't know but what they are right. I said that I had come a long way to speak with him, and that if he was careful what he said no one would get hurt. He was a little chagrined that I should get ahead of him in this left handed compliment, but retained it with the best grace possible."

"Then I gave the wink to my chief of police and my reserve force began to lie out one by one, each five paces behind his predecessor, and on the run to extend a skirmish line which surrounded the renegades on one side while a deep chasm held them in on the other."

"At first the renegades did not mind it, but when fifteen or twenty had appeared and they were still coming, some of the Indians began to get nervous and walk off. I told Buford to stop them. He threw up his gun toward one of the retreating figures and commanded it to stop. Suddenly there was an awful yell. I thought that Buford must be stabbed, but when I looked I saw that an old squaw had suddenly pinioned him around the arms, drawing his gun down and making it useless. I instinctively turned around to see what Geronimo was doing, and when I looked back again Buford's mighty right hand had launched out and the squaw was rolled in the grass twenty feet away."

"When he raised his gun again there were a dozen others raised at the same time, and this time his voice meant obey or die. Each of my policemen body guard had his man picked out, and one shot would have been followed by many. I believe that the old squaw prevented a bloody battle. For by this time my skirmish line had grown portentous, and the renegades saw that they were in our power. I then said we could talk better without our arms, and after throwing away my hunting knife I gently removed his gun from his hands and also those of his immediate supporters. He did not like this, but submitted."

"Whatever Geronimo's feeling were he gave no sign of them, but with great dignity told me he had come back and he would hear what I had to say. Knowing the Indian appreciation of irony I gave him some. I talked about the way he had 'come back' the year before and said that of course I appreciated the fact that when he wanted to go north he should naturally go south. This raised a laugh among my body guard, but he did not like it a bit."

"However, said I, 'we are friends now, as you can see, or I should not have come so far to see you, and fearing that you will stray away again I have made special provisions not to let you. So you can get up and go to the guard house.'

Every curve of his perfect form indicated strength and endurance. He was the most perfect type of a proud and graceful Apache I have ever seen. It was easy to see that he was halting between surrender and the temptation to draw his hunting knife, his only weapon left, and cut right and left to the death. My guard did not let him ponder long."

DISARMED.
"One of them rushed forward and disarmed him, and at the same time a dozen guns were leveled at his head. He was my prisoner, and, with sullen reluctance he was taken to the guard house and ironed. Seven of his companions were also taken, and we brought them over the mountain to my agency at San Carlos, a journey of 500 miles, and locked them up for trial and the punishment which he so richly deserved."

"But for some reason the court never came, and when I resigned my commission in July, 1877, Geronimo was still in the guard house in irons."

"Twice since then I have been on Geronimo's trail and have helped to bury the bodies of dead friends whom he and his allies have murdered."

Irrigable Lands of the West.

The arid lands of the West, last to be redeemed by methods first discovered in civilization, are the best agricultural lands of the continent. Not only must these lands be redeemed because of the wants of the population of that country, they must be redeemed because they are our best lands. All this is demonstrated by the history of the far West, and is abundantly proved by the history of civilized agriculture. All of the nations of Egypt were fed by the bounty of one river. In the arid region of the United States are four great rivers like the Nile, and scores of lesser rivers, thousands of creeks, and millions of springs and artesian fountains, and all are to be utilized in the near future for the hosts of men who are repairing to those sunny lands. There are nearly 1,000,000 acres of these arid lands in the United States, of which nearly 120,000,000 acres can be irrigated when all such waters are used. Already more than 6,000,000 acres are cultivated through the agency of canals. Thus the experiment has been tried, and doubt no longer rests upon the practicability of Western irrigation. It is fully demonstrated that the redemption of these lands is profitable to capital and labor. An acre of Western land, practically worthless without irrigation when the works are constructed to supply it with water at once acquires a value marvelous to the men of the East. In new California, settled but yesterday, cultivated lands command better prices than in Massachusetts or Maryland, and this is because an acre of land there will produce two or three fold the quantity of food for man or beast that an acre will here, for the average year—Maj. J. W. Powell, in The Century for March.

Government Ownership of Railroads.

A genuine surprise is contained in the annual report of the Chicago and Alton Railroad, in which the president of the road reviews the existing railroad situation as affected by measures of Government regulation. He says, among other things, that the actual value of railroad investments has been reduced during the last five years nearly \$1,000,000,000, and is now being reduced by the course of the State and Federal Governments at the rate of nearly \$1,000,000 a day. If this course is to be continued, he says, in less than ten years there will be only a very few railroad shares in the United States that will have any value. As a remedy for this state of affairs he suggests the ownership of railroads engaged in interstate traffic by the National Government, and the organization of a corps of railroad operators who shall remain in the service during good behavior and be in no greater degree under the influence of politicians or political parties than the army. He further suggests that a board of National railroad directors be appointed to control the operation of the Government roads, with power to fix rates on interstate traffic and to approve, reject, or amend rates fixed by State authorities on traffic within State lines. The proposal for Government ownership of railroads is not a new or strange one, but it is calculated to excite unimpaired surprise when made by the president of such a road as the Chicago and Alton.—Bradstreet's.

A recent discussion about the height of trees in the forests of Victoria begins from the government botanist the statement that he has seen one 525 feet high. The chief inspector of forests measured a fallen one that was 485 feet long.

A Practical Illustration.

The discussion which is now going on relative to the removal of the Chiricahua Apaches from Mount Vernon Barracks to Fort Sill, Indian Territory, has naturally occasioned strong opposition from the friends of Arizona and New Mexico, and those who understand this tribe of Indians and feel interested in their future welfare. It is claimed by those who know these Indians best that if they are moved to Fort Sill, they will soon find their way back to Arizona, New Mexico or their old strongholds in the Sierra Madres.

General Crook maintains the contrary. But we present the following fact as an illustration applicable to the case in controversy. When the Chiricahua Apaches were being taken east, one of them escaped near Kansas City, and notwithstanding the fact that he was a long distance east of Ft. Sill, nothing was heard of him until he appeared on the White Mountain Indian reservation in Arizona his name is "Massay." Last winter he killed Sabino Quiroz near Globe; he is a terror to the White Mountain Apaches. Not long ago he carried away a squaw from near Ft. Apache and he kept her as long as he wished, and when she returned to her tribe she stated who had stolen her. About two or three months ago while a number of Apache squaws were riding along he shot the horse from under one of them, the others fled and he carried off his prize, and there is now a reward offered for him. The Star offers these facts for the information of the Congressional committees, which is now considering the removal of the Apaches to Ft. Sill.—Tucson Star.

An Irrigation Bill.

A bill has been introduced into the Senate by Mr. Reagan, prepared by Major J. W. Powell, chief of the Geological Survey, providing for the survey of the arid land of the United States by the Irrigation Department. Irrigation districts are to be laid out, following the hydrographic basins, and it shall be the duty of the irrigation survey officers to designate the irrigable lands and those that can be cultivated and irrigated with the greatest economy; to designate the trunk sections of the rivers, and to determine and locate the places where dams for supplying irrigating canals may be constructed. All lands designated by the United States surveys as irrigable lands may be acquired by persons in tracts of 80 acres under the provisions of the Homestead law. Mining and coal lands may also be acquired under the same provisions. The bill also provides for the appointment of a Superintendent of Forestry and a Superintendent of Pasturage, with their several assistants.—Engineering & Mining Journal.

The Clifton correspondent of the Lordsburg Liberal gives a chapter of painful accidents at Morenci: Alex. Grant who was caught in the Morenci tunnel by the ore train, sustained injuries on the side of his head. It was a narrow escape from death. A Mexican named Calles, wincing at the Twigg mine, the crank slipping from his hands flew around striking him on the head fracturing his skull. A son of Tom Haughey's in undertaking to pass between two cars near a switch was caught and had the side of his head bruised and some teeth knocked out. Jack Farrell, the Detroit Company's master mechanic, had two fingers mashed by machinery.

Mr. U. W. Lang, who recently drove a herd of cattle from Arizona, across the Colorado desert, to Los Angeles county, California, is again in the Territory, and it is stated, will make another drive. He was very successful with the first drive, found plenty of feed and water along the route, and the cattle arrived at their destination in good order. Mr. Lang has conclusively demonstrated that cattle can now be driven across the desert with no greater expense or loss than was incurred in driving them in the days before we had railroads.—Wilcox Stockman.

Lieut. Totten, of the U. S. Navy, in a lecture before the Sheffield Scientific School of Yale College, announced that the millennium will begin in the year 1897. The devil will then be chained precisely 1000 years. The Hartford Times in speaking of the predicted event said: Lieut. Totten is a gentleman of scientific tastes and attainments; but in entering upon the field he has entered, and preponing such a preposterous thing as "the end of the world," he only agitates a few good people, without in any way adding to his own reputation as a man of science, or to the cause of science.

The ill consequences of one imprudent step will be felt in many an after step.